

Hon. St. John Boderick, has the chance of a lifetime in his present opportunity to provide for the empire's soldiers the best medical treatment and nursing care, which a grateful nation is eager to supply.

Yours cordially,

UNION JACK.

[The story of the recent action of St. Thomas's Hospital, London, in revising and raising its requirements is held over until the next number.—ED.]

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN ITALY

OSPEDALE CLINICO, NAPLES, ITALY.

... Have I told you how I started my school with three nurses, one of whom soon left, and the other two were so well satisfied with themselves that they sailed through their ward work superciliously, and listened to my theoretical lessons with a scarcely veiled smile of pity at the idea of my taking so seriously what appeared to them to be elementary knowledge?

I had not at that time an official position, which made my humiliations all the harder to bear. The revolution took place during my summer holiday, . . . and a new set of doctors was elected, who knew me and upheld my authority. I was now officially accepted as head nurse of—nobody exactly knew what; my position grew of itself, and I have crept up by slow degrees, gaining or losing ground according as I have won or lost the innumerable little battles which I fight every day. . . . My subordinates are the cross of my life, although we are excellent friends, because they do not and never will understand so much as the elements of discipline. . . .

When I returned to Naples in September I found that the Princess S—, the president of the Committee for the Promotion of a Training-School for Nurses, had been busy all the summer publishing articles and getting up subscriptions; the result was that there were fourteen new pupils waiting for me besides the three who had begun in June. Of all these, ten have just passed their junior exams. Lest I be accused of deliberately departing in my system from the time-honored methods of Alma Mater, let me protest that to make any way at all I must insert the thin edge of the wedge and not the thick one. Any other course would most assuredly end in my offending irrevocably the customs and prejudices of the country.

After much discussion among themselves, my suggestions being waived aside, the staff made out a programme of theoretical work. It was decided that there should be an hour's lecture given daily to the nurses by the physicians, the first-year subjects being anatomy, physiology, hygiene, surgical and medical pathology; the second-year subjects, gynaecology and obstetrics, diseases of children, first aid to the injured, diseases of the eye and ear, and dietetics.

On discussing the position of my pupils (Blue Cross nurses) in the hospital, I could not obtain the dismissal of a single one of the existing "servant-nurses." The result is that my pupils' ward work has never been anything but voluntary, for if they do not do up the patients, there is always some one else to do it for them. . . .

My pupils come on duty at eight A.M., coming in from their homes, where-

ever they are. They do ward work and make rounds with the physicians and surgeons until eleven, when the lecture is due. When this is over I go over the lecture notes of the day before with them, explaining the difficult passages. We then return to the wards, and between two and three P.M. the pupils leave the wards and return to their homes. . . .

(To be continued.)

[Miss Baxter, whose account of pioneer work in training pupils of the educated class in hospital work in Italy we hope to give in successive numbers, is a Johns Hopkins graduate, an Englishwoman whose life has been mainly spent in Italy.—ED.]

A FEW WORDS FROM JAPAN

VISITORS at the New York Hospital a year or two ago could not but be attracted by the charming little Japanese lady, Miss Shidzu Namse, who was studying nursing there. Even her colleagues were astonished at the firmness and breadth of character displayed by this delicate little Oriental as head nurse of a ward. She is now in hospital work at home, and promises us some account of her work. At present Miss Sutliffe kindly sends us the following extracts from a letter:

“ KOBE, JAPAN.

“ . . . ‘ Byoru’ means hospital and ‘ Daigaku’ university. This hospital was built since I left home for America. It is going to be the largest in Japan, although there are only two wards furnished just now, each for forty patients, the large ward having four single rooms for serious cases. There are thirty-six nurses now on eight hours’ duty, two night nurses in each ward. We have very nice operating-rooms for big operations and one for minor cases and outside patients. In each operating-room there are three nurses. They are kept very busy. I go around to see the nurses work, look after the cleanliness of the wards, and teach classes bandaging three times a week and general nursing three hours a week. . . .

“ SHIDZU.”

